And from her wombe children of diuers kind
We sucking on her naturall bosome find:
Many for many vertures excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lyes
In Plants, Hearbs, Stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:
Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire vse,
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe-turnes vice being mis-applyed,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the Infant rinde of this weake flower
Poyson hath residence, and Medicine power!
For this being smelt with that part, cheares each part,
Being tasted slayes all sences with the heart.
Two such opposed Kings, encampe them still
In man, as well as hearbes, grace, and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that plant.

Ro. Good morrow father.

Fri. Benedicite.
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Yong sonne, it argues a distempered head,
So soone to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbruised youth with vnstuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there golden sleepe doth raigne,
Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,
Thou art vprous'd with some distemp'rature:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not beene in bed to night,

Ro. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin, wast thou with *Rosaline*?

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father no,

I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. That's my good sonne, but where hast thou beene then?

Ro. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
I haue beene feasting with mine enemie,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me:
That's by me wounded, both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy physick lyes:
I beare no hatred blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steads my foe,

Fri. Be plaine good sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling Confession, finds but ridling Shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on her, so hers is set on mine
And all combin'd, saue what thou must combine
By holy Marriage: when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy S. *Francis* what a change is here?
Is *Rosaline* that thou didst loue so deare,
So soone forsaken? yong mens loue then lyes
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Iesu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water throne away in waste,
To season loue that of it doth not taste.
The Sun not yet thy sighes, from Heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet ring in my ancient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes, were all for *Rosaline*.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Ro. Thou chid'st me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doting, not for louing Pupill mine.